

# WAR CRY

THE  
OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 44. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the V. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## OUR FOUR NEW MAJORS.

The Editor's Chat About His Comrades.—Three Cheers for our Crested Warriors!

"Well-earned" is the verdict of most minds who are cognizant of the years of work which the four new Majors, Streeton, Friedrich, Fry, and Bennett, represent. Their full total of service for Christ in the Salvation Army as officers represent forty-two years.

### THE FINANCIAL CHIEF.

There is Major Streeton, the Financial Secretary; he is a man with an awful clutch about him. Hilda Frith said at an All-night of Prayer recently, "some folk are all puddle and others all terror in character, for my part I would much rather be terror than puddle, and in Major Streeton you have the absence of the puddle with something much more serviceable than the snail of the terror. He is a foreigner to mere sentiment, and sees everything from the angle of its strictly practical value. He will tell you plain and straight what he thinks, ten to one: "Give a man his due whether he is good or bad," is one of his maxims; which by the way is much better than barrels of soap concealing an evil intent; and yet withal he has such a good heart beneath his matter-of-fact exterior that no real need of which he knows goes unrelieved if it is in his power to help, in fact, so keen is his pity that it led him on to the sea of matrimony. That highly respected Manageress of the Central Division Citadel in Northampton, England, fell sick, and Master Joseph Streeton pitied her so much with that pity which they say is akin to love that it actually became love, and after duly and successfully rearing the youngster of Mrs. Jack's careful motherly instruction brother Streeton did the best thing he ever did in his life for himself next to getting converted, he married Captain Jack.

When the writer and Major Streeton were cadets in the old English Training Home at Clapton our good tutor Major Birchcliffe, familiarly known as "Uncle Ben," gave us a rule of the spiritual sphere; it was this, "Association produces assimilation," now the Army authorities speedily discovered the peculiar abilities of their young Lincolnshire cadet, and consequently he has had to do with dollars and cents, or their English equivalent, during very much of his Army career, and since "Uncle Ben's" famous formula works out correctly, it may be that the worthy Major has taken on some of the qualities of his environment. Tent life, he is genuine mental through and through; he also bears an image and superscription, not Caesar's, but God's, while his capacity for being in circulation is evident since he came out to Canada at a few days' notice, and professes himself ready for a trip to Australia if so Heaven will. Then he wears well. Some people are like cheap furniture, very showy and attractive at first sight, but they are not long in your company before the French polish wears off and reveals a very inferior article beneath. J. S. is not in that category, the more you are with him, the more you will be sure that he stands towards his fellow men like the hands of the clock at 6 p.m., viz., right up and straight down.

When Colonel Boon, a man very highly spoken of by those who know the inside track of his life, called Captain Streeton into his office one day, he said:

"Now, Streeton, we have a complicated business downstairs, at which I propose letting you have a try—the Candidates' Department—I don't know whether you will be able to do it or not, there is so much to take hold of; you shall have a try, anyhow."

The future Canadian Financial Secretary replied:

"Very well, Sir, if I don't do it, take me out of it."

The Colonel put his fingers through his hair in his characteristic way, and said, "That's it; that's it!"



OUR FOUR NEW JUBILEE MAJORS.

MAJOR STREETON,  
Financial Secretary.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH,  
Trade Secretary.

MAJOR FRY,  
S. A. Musical Expert.

MAJOR BENNETT,  
Social Wing Secretary.

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## Our Four New Majors.

(Continued from page 1.)

That the job itself was no small thing, will be understood when I mention that there were fifteen hands working in the department on an average of 2,500 applications per year.

Captain Streeter went at it. There were 1,600 cases on hand at the time; these were dealt with, and a new system, at Colonel Boon's suggestion arranged, by which 14,000 candidates' forms were systematically entered on new rolls by a very simple method, so that any person's papers can be immediately referred to. Many of Headquarters Staff were employed on this for a fortnight after the usual office hours, buses and coffee being supplied on the spot. In three months Captain Streeter's work and worth were recognized in his promotion to Adjutant. Another twelve months on the same work as Colonel Lawley's second, saw him made Staff-Captain, that was in July, 1890.

Following this, came various appointments, and finally the transfer to Canada, where he has assumed the very onerous responsibility of Property and Finance Secretary for the Territory.



Lieutenant Joseph Streeter—1895

Here is his career: Brevet September 24th, '92; made Sergeant 10th corps, September, '94; Chief Clerk 10th, '95; Lieutenant, November 16th, '95; Captain, October 20th, '96; Adjutant, May 22nd, '97; Staff-Captain, July 28th, '97; Major, July 10th, '98.

### THE SOCIAL CHIEF.

"Why, he looks like the learned professor of some Theological Institute," we can imagine some one saying as they take their first glance at the figure now known as Major Bennett on the extreme right of our frontpiece.

"Not at all, friend," we reply, "you have before you a good-hearted, level-headed, straight-forward Yorkshireman, a credit to his country."

Some folk are favored with a warm atmosphere of true Christian paragonage, and have their earliest steps directed into the right ways of the Lord, but Harry Bennett was not so favored. A dark cloud of domestic estrangement made home not home for him.

He says, "The only time my mother ever came to the Army was one night for about two minutes to see if it were true that her son was actually on the platform."

It was true, blessed be God; he did sit with the hated seed, and so it was said in his many oases, that a man's foes shall be they of his

own household. Nevertheless, Harry Bennett's love and care for his mother has never failed, and he has made up to him for his self-sacrifice abundantly more, in giving him the excellent lodging he finds in Mrs. Bennett and the joyous prattle of four lovely children, not merely lovely in appearance, but in character, too, for the Major is not one of the sort who will allow a little discomfort in residence to rule the house and compel the submission of everyone to her pleasure. Oh, no! "It hurts me more than it does you," he said the other day, as he laid hands on a member of the family, "but I must do it; there must be law and order." Hear, hear, Major, I say, for if a man cannot rule his own house first how shall he rule the church of God? A glance, however, at the faces of Frank, Lena, and Gracie, will show that the training so far has been successful. The face the index to the heart.

As an illustration of how truly self-sacrificing for Christ's cause people even in this world may mention one other domestic instance.

The Major has a brother. This brother called in at the Major's quarters on his way from England to the States. Major Bennett found him in a flood of tears.

"What's the matter?" asked the Major.

"Oh," said the brother, "for all these years I have been seeking to make my way in the world and obtain the comforts of a home and here I am with nothing, while you, who gave up the idea of getting on in this world, have a loving wife and a happy home, and are as happy as angels."

The brother was thoroughly convinced that he was fighting under the wrong flag and loving every time, but he refused to be reconciled to God, and went away to eat hush again.

When I first met Major and Mrs. Bennett about seven years ago, they were vegetarians and I never saw a healthier couple in my life. Like many other healthy hard-workers, the Major advocates the fruit and grain diet chiefly; meat he uses sparingly.

He has a tender heart, a well-balanced brain, and a constant, well-kept physical form, which has stood him in good stead on many a long Salvation tramp, and probably will do so again. He will not divide you at first, "but he gets there just the same."

He has an important sphere of work, as the Commander's right hand man for Social affairs, with many new ventures and untrodden paths to go on, but he is no doubt in his right place for he will see clear through the track before he puts his foot down, but when he does do so it will be a reliable advance every time. His career, as follows, is indicative of this:

Sergeant, '81; S. A. soldier, '82; Chief, '83; Lieutenant, March, '84; Captain, September, '84; Adjutant, '85; Staff-Captain, '86; Major, July, '86.

### THE MUSICAL CHIEF.

All music is God's. It may have wandered away and stayed uttering a note off like a dog with a clipped wing, but heaven is his home. I do not believe hell will have caught music but grows and shrieks and the music of the gnashing of teeth.

Admitting our first statement to be correct, Fred. Fry was born with a good deal of heaven in him. He has composed about 14 pieces of music. He sang his first song at very early age, and it was as a member of the musical Fry family that he first came into the Army. These old songs, which memorize the musician's recollections.

The famous old cathedral city of Solihull was a noticeably rough opening, the green of a crowd of people surrounding the Army meant always a row in those days. It was a member of the writer's was one of a number of business gentlemen who approached to the Home Secretary and forced themselves into a special police force for the safety of the Army and the maintenance of peace. The function of the authorities here, as almost everywhere, being the cause of disorder. Intolerance has been many a sturdy branch of fate, but there is a mighty ungainly

strange to say, musician and poet as he is, he is no dreamer. One expects to see such a man with long curly hair falling in graceful curves over his ears and with a peculiar, wild, far-away look in his eyes, but no; he is a perfectly matter-of-fact individual, nearly always working; in fact, you would have to travel far to find a person who could manage to tuck in more work in an ordinary day than does Major Fry. He might very well lay claim to the great American poet's verdict on the village blacksmith and say when he lays his head on his pillow nightly,



A View of Chemnitz, Saxony, where Major Friedrich was born.

root left yet. When the Fry family accompanied the General to South Wales, and there saw the huge masses of people who trooped to the standard of the new crusade all friendly, and actually opening out to make a path for the Army's march, they were astonished. We got another glimpse of the Fry family at the Manchester campaign. The clear-headed house were not disposed to look with favor on this radical innovation in religious tactics. Night after night the halibut was too great for effective work.

"We will try and win them into attention," said our present Major's father, and that night the Fry family took their place on the front steps of the old Manchester Temple, and with voices and guitar accompaniment they sang what were then Bandmaster Fry's latest compositions, viz:

"Lead, lead!"

and "Oh, come to this beautiful stream."

little tale that was destined to become famous. At Chemnitz, in Saxony, he commenced the path of martyrdom. A picture beneath presents a view of the town of Chemnitz, and just past it the church where Bruno Friedrich—of the hands of the Lutheran minister, according to Lutheran orthodoxy. What a pity that the land which gave the world a Luther, should have such a man as Bruno Friedrich. Young man Friedrich saw such an utter contrast between precept and practice, that he did what the hands of others have done, he left the shell of professionalism, not knowing there was a cross ahead to be obtained. What went from home, he kept quite away from religion and the church, and yet his spirit was not with the Christ, but rather with the caricature he had seen of Him in the lives of the professors at Chemnitz.

At the State and middle schools he had obtained a good education, including bookkeeping, geometry, chemistry, French and Italian, and was thus able to fall far from most when he reached a new place. After his globe trotting, he visited Austria, South Germany, Switzerland, and Canada. Notice the variety of occupations in these places: jeweller, bookkeeper, pay factory manager, veterinary surgeon, my tenant, headwaiter at Darmstadt Political Club, clerk to wholesale wine firm, manager of Canadian trading post, not to mention other minor callings thrown in. Truly one of many parts, especially if it be said to mind that the major writes poetry, speaks well, and is welcomed by the public on its platform. His latest exploit is in the photographic line, at which he bids fair to become an expert.

His Army career has been steadily even and upward. He had blown the froth off the devil's wine and found Christ himself at death's head and cross bones by the time that the Army at Winnipeg. He was just ready to look outside himself for deliverance, when the Army evangel rang out the old accept free grace, the message distilled down through the desert avenue of his soul, and germinated in a growth which—God be praised—has led him into a broad domain of work for Christ, and a consecration of his abilities to the service of humanity.

He began Army work by the old-fashioned task of sweeping and lighting the lanterns, cooking and cleaning for the officers, etc. What a blessing it is that he who himself always gets excited, while others always crawl.

The following are his steps upward towards:

Accepted for the work, '81; appointed to England, '82; Adjutant, August, '83; Staff-Captain, May, '84; Major, July, '84.

You have in the Major a four-square man with originality and fertility of thought, and that universal politeness which marks a man who is either educated, or has travelled outside the round of the ordinary of his own country. God bless him. He is still flourish. It is certain that we need business capacity is needed to run to some the huge and comprehensive work of the Trade Union, for the initiation of the General are all indebted to our statesmanlike Commander, and we are most deeply indebted to our new Major on his opportunity, and he serves on the man we, as an army of interested participants, have for the work.

Perhaps we ought to add that once this was one of the Canadian soldiers who was on the Major's staff, and who was in the Army's Happy Home Society. It is interesting to see on this occasion that the Major found a Lemon that was not acid.

COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOKE, after consultation with the General, has decided on the opening up of the Hawaiian Islands, situated in the Pacific Ocean. They will be worked by the American Fleet.

THERE is an officer in Boston, America, who has been in the Hawaiian Islands for years and never missed a day's work.



## Eastern Province.

BY DR. G. T. J.

My last notes were written on the eve of our departure. Now it is a thing of the past to be forgotten.

About twenty officers and up from St. John, and put Captain Byers had got everything ready, and things were going on. Throughout the campaign, large crowds. It was a nice crowd gathered together at night.

The Sunday was full mooned 6:30 a.m., finished eleven p.m. Souls? Of course! Monday was devoted to the night of the night. Truth, and a beautiful break; pardon and purity.

Some cases of restoration, especially made a great improvement. A brother, who seven years ago, had the blessing of a child, the Army, lost the blessing. He finds out where he seeks and finds pardon, and happy.

It is very plainly seen that very sensible street railway is now. Will other cities please mouth in this respect. Why a conscience some people have charge the Salvation Army for his of a thing they do. What think of those kind of people?

We are now in the train of Annapolis. Having a space going to put it in at Bear River. Next day we go to Annapolis. Needless to say, we are delighted to hear from ward that the soldiers are mighty fine. Lord help us the truth. What poor things express ideas of God, sin, he salvation. It goes to do more than the ordinary best.

I hear sounds that things are true. From there we are to go to Saturday, August 3rd. Here comes in a chance. Sacramento, San Jose, Hillsboro, Nevada. Avail yourself of a dollar for travelling to soul blessed.



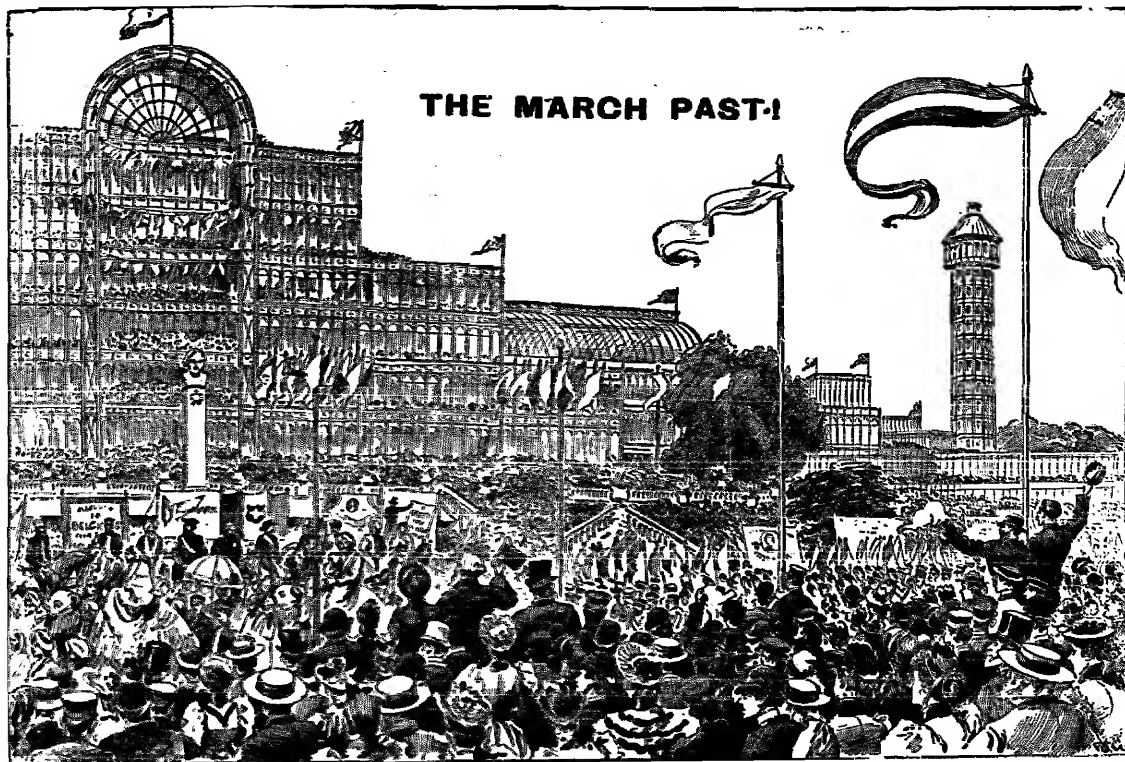
GRACIE. LENA. FRANK, Children in Major Bennett's Training Home.

"Something accomplished, something done Has earned a night's repose."

### THE TRADING CHIEF.

There is a country in Europe, whose people are to all appearance very much akin to the world colonizing English; indeed, philologists say that many of the common words of both countries are traceable to the same roots, and it is quite within the range of probability to believe that amongst the tribes from which these blue-eyed, flaxen-haired axons, who left the shores of the Elbe and the North Sea in the early morning of our history, were recruited, there were left that remnant from which has sprung the mighty German Empire of the present day, with its Imperial Bismarck to issue the well-known motto, "Trust in God and keep a sharp sword."

Major Friedrich is probably descended from our brothers who stayed away from the



AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—LONG LIVE THE GENERAL!

## Eastern Province Notes.

BY BRIGAMIER C. T. JACOB.

My last notes were written at Fredericton on the eve of our campaign there. Now it is a thing of the past, I trust never to be forgotten.

About twenty officers and soldiers came up from St. John, and put in full time. Captain Byers had got everything very nicely prepared, and things went in hand. Throughout the campaign we had very large crowds. It was a nice sight to see such crowds gathered together on a summer's night.

The Sunday was full time. Commenced 6:30 a.m., finished a little after eleven p.m. Souls? Of course! Praise God! Monday was devoted to holiness. At night splendid crowd. Plenty of plain truth, and a beautiful break; a lot seeking pardon and purity.

Some cases of restoration; one case especially made a great impression on me. A brother, who seven years ago was a soldier, had the blessing of a clean heart, left the Army, lost the blessing. In the meeting he finds out where he is, confesses, seeks and finds pardon, gets dancing happy.

It is very plainly seen that there is one very sensitive street railway in the Dominion. Will other cities please copy? Yarmouth in this respect. Why not? What a conscience some people have to want to change the Salvation Army for every little bit of a thing they do. What does Jesus think of those kind of people?

We are now in the train on our way to Amnapolis. Having a spare day, we are going to put it in at Bear River. Expect a big crowd. Next day up goes the tent at Amnapolis. Needless to say, I am more than delighted to hear from Esmail Alward that the soldiers are expecting a mighty time. Lord help us to deal out the truth. What poor things words are to express ideas of God, sin, heaven, hell and salvation. Here goes to do a little better than the ordinary best.

I hear sounds that things are to move at Truro. From there we are to be at Moncton from Saturday, August 3rd to August 7th. Here comes in a chance for Amherst, Sackville, Sussex, Hillsboro, Chatham and Newville. Avail yourself of it. I am so tired of hearing people begrudging to pay a dollar for travelling to get their poor souls blessed.

Thursday the last night. Great night for work. A big champagne; crowds well sharpened, guns loaded, a desperate charge and a hand-to-hand conflict. Ten killed and made alive again in the same meeting. The wounded were too many to count; in all, about forty were out for pardon and purity for the four days. Glory to God.

Have just finished six days at Yarmouth. Beautiful weather. No doubt in answer to prayer. About fifteen officers and soldiers came from St. John. Found Esmail and Mrs. Gage in good spirits, considering they have so recently lost their dear boy. God bless them. They feel the loss very much.

For crowds, the meetings were splendid; for souls, fair. About twenty for pardon and purity. We wish it had been more. Great interest appeared in the open-air and marches. A gentleman gave us a piece of ground free for the tent, and the street railways announced the meetings on their cars for a week by carrying an announcement on the back and front of their cars free of charge.

If I did not know better, I would be led to think they were a little hard up; that wasn't work. I am too old to swallow down without any sugar that doctrine. Come now, can't be so mean. What is the use of hoarding up so much money? Come and worship the Lord at Moncton.

Now, you Moncton soldiers, I hope you are praying; don't think we are going to do it all. Pray, pray, pray. Just put yourself in God's hands, and do what God wants you yourself, and pray for everybody else.

Sussex don't get frightened. We can accommodate nearly all the population in our tent; therefore everybody should come. From Saturday, August 10th to 14th we expect to be there. Now, quite a number of St. John's soldiers have returned from Fredericton and Yarmouth with good news. Don't you wish you had been there? Here is a chance for you, visit Sussex.

It is always good to have definite subjects for prayer at all these and any other meetings. I formulated the following plan to you. Have a special prayer meeting before the start, and instead of praying for everything, in general and nothing in particular, for a change try as follows:

Subjects for prayer:

- 1st. That God will especially inspire the leader of the meetings, and help him to speak the plainest truth possible.
- 2nd. That God will keep on fire the visiting officers.

3rd. That the visiting soldiers may be made a means of blessing to the town.

4th. For souls! Souls! Souls!

5th. That there may be a holiness revival.

6th. For the reclaiming of backsliders.

7th. For a great shaking up amongst the carolers that don't generally come, and so on.

Make as many subjects as you like, and if you think it wise, name out a few people and get someone to pray for each.

Don't forget that you can come from any I.C.R. station for single fare. Buy an ordinary first-class single ticket, and ask for standard certificate.

## Pacific Coast Ramblings.

Three months ago we said good-bye to our loved Commandant as the train was moving seaward from the Vancouver Depot, and turning right about face, we soon found ourselves at the battle's front. Plunging into the thick of battle life, we tried to bury those feelings of homesickness able to the human when war calls for separation.

What a war of sacrifice, what a war of real life. What privileges to the Salvationist is war, marching down the street wearing the red gaiters with a blood-washed heart beneath it, an ambassador of mercy, grace and truth. Long live the General, our prophet of God, whose inspiration has opened to us a field of labor, a life of usefulness, toil and devotion, all emanating from a pure, God-given principle—love.

We have no defeat to report; in fact, it is one of conquest. In spite of the shifting population of the Coast, our roll (soldiers) is steadily increasing. The whole Coast has gone through a season of financial depression unknown before in its history, yet our collections meet all the expenses at the various camps, and here in Victoria the collections greatly improved during the past three months.

Goodly numbers come to our meetings. Street Walk, they beat Canada anywhere. This brings liberty, and one feels right at home as cheers after cheers is taken up by the audience. Then the soldiers are a very whole-hearted soldiery, they make you feel the "God bless you" spirit, and rally to fight bravely by the side of their officers who lead them for victory. Then they love to give, and enjoy a good collection as well as a well-sung solo, which several of them are well

adapted to. God bless the soldiery of the Coast.

Vancouver Braves are to enjoy a wedding on the 10th inst. Bendinister and I will, I must tell no tale. It was my privilege to hold a field day at this city on the 1st (Dominion Day). The glory of God came on the meeting. I also held a social demonstration at the 1st Methodist and East Presbyterian churches. The work of the Shelter is being taken hold of by the people of Vancouver, who, by the way, know a good thing when they see it. Mayor Anderson, who was chairman at the crowded meetings of citizens in our barracks, stated: "The need of an institution of this character is so great in our city, that it simply means the Army or the city to do this work. I believe," he added, "that the Salvationists are the people who will do it best." I assured them that the Commandant would push the scheme right ahead if the necessary funds were subscribed for this object. Every prospect of a successful work here in this city. The Lieutenant holding on to the command, and God is standing by her giving victory in Vancouver.

New Westminster is also moving forward. Captain Smith, an old veteran of war, is leading. It was my privilege to do a week-end here last Sunday. The new band playing made the long hills seem shorter in the marches. Several souls lately at this corps.

Vernon. Well, we had to disappoint in our appointment here. The date proposed for the visit found me laid aside with a severe attack of inflammation, which kept me on my back for four days. Hallelujah for recovery. So we will see these two braves of outlying fame next week. Also we intend stopping over at Mount Laramie, so you will have an interesting report of the mountain work soon.

Captain Patton, of Nanaimo, reports victory from her corps. This fight here is a hard one, but God is making bare His arm here in soul-saving. Nanaimo has one of the finest Salvation Army bands that I have ever listened to. They also pray, and go in for God there. Music was well appreciated at the field day in Vancouver.

Captain Masson, of Victoria, is a great WAR CRY seller. Never a week but what he sells on the streets from 175 to 200 copies. Mrs. Archibald averages seventy weekly.

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

WHAT what would the nightingale care if the toad despised her singing? She would still sing on and leave the toad in his dark shadow. What care the General for the moans of men who growl upon earth? He is to sing on. If you were not surrounded by the dogs of the world would not bark at you.



...and the ...

## Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Arrangements at each corps should now be well in hand for the Harvest Festival. Beginning in time is half the victory. Now, after the magnificent success given at the June Congress, I don't feel one anxious fear as to the result. You have only, my comrades, to go at it as you went at the discussion of it. With the same pluck that pledged you to the success, you will now strike your target.

As decided at the Congress, each province, district, and corps is to have its target. Nothing helps like something definite to aim at. The money will be devoted to paying off debts of your corps to Headquarters. The strong will help the weak; the weak will help themselves into the bargain, and the whole field will help Headquarters to meet the heavy demands made upon it.

Our splendid victories of the past will fill me with unbounded confidence when I again call my followers to this conflict. Never once have we failed when together we set our faces and our faith to the foe. We shall not do so now. This must be our motto.

Is the best victory of all. Remember, it is fought on the eve of our beloved General's visit. I shall want to give a good account of every corps and every officer and every soldier who I meet him in Newfoundland on the 15th of September. Shall it be so? I know it shall.

One or two suggestions will be helpful. There must be a better division of labor, especially in the larger corps. Appointments and responsibilities must be small and precise.

Suggestions. Let the gifts be arranged together in order of their gifts. Let the headquarters take a staff and the last officers another, the officers another, the brothers another, and the friends another. Appoint one responsible person to look after each staff, and you will have far more in the way of gifts, effort, interest, and cash. Dry it.

Go in for more gifts of food. If we could convert ourselves into a huge co-operative society, and supply our entire Army for this week-end, we should double the proceeds straight off. Take butcher's meat, etc. Enough money will be spent by Salvationists on beef steaks, etc., between the first and eighth of September to make up the total of last year's proceeds. Why not beg the beef steaks and take the cash? Under such circumstances there would be a joy for ever in paying for beef steaks?

Graciously, too. It is perfectly wonderful how a generous spirit will win the hearts of the war. Every man is a market; he is bound to pay for his goods, and what he gets he is bound to pay for. Beg the stuff of his hands, and sell it to him, giving the cash to C. C. in his gifts of tea, sugar, rice, soap, tobacco, etc., etc. Give him fruit, and corned meat of all sorts. Arrange them neatly, and you will find little difficulty in disposing of them.

We must make some extra effort this year to secure gifts of material. The stores should take a special interest in this. Their stalls should largely consist of serviceable, plainly-made garments for children and others. Let them go to the dry goods store and represent their desire to merchandise cash goods for the cause and the Kingdom. They should have little difficulty in securing gifts of material from such places, which can be made up.

Victory at the Point of the Needle.

Our dry goods store and represent their desire to merchandise cash goods for the cause and the Kingdom. They should have little difficulty in securing gifts of material from such places, which can be made up.

There must be no flattery. Nothing that is contrary to the principles of the Army must be permitted upon my staff. Great success must be won through the efforts of our comrades in England during the Jubilee year in the direction. Let the stores be organized into a Sewing Brigade, and give two evenings a week from now till the Harvest Festival for the manufacture of such articles. It will be surprising how much they will produce.

Find them children, living at the feet of Jesus, just obeying His voice and walking in His footsteps. You, and they have been preserved and kept amidst the greatest conflicts. The enemy making they cannot be overcome by fighting against them, says, "I will."

Rob Them of Their Simplicity." then destroying their peace and power. If they are Salvation Army officers, it may be that they get a good copy, and become popular. Secret prayer is neglected, the voice of Satanic is listened to, they lose that good, old simple spirit that came with their first anointing.

They begin to feel that they are too intelligent to be wanting in the Salvation Army. They never would have seen the light of the intelligent day, nor the opportunity that this day offers, if it were not for the Salvation Army.

They have lost the power they once had. There is some misunderstanding, they do not care to be dictated to; they stop out, and, as someone who has taken the step expresses it, there is no one knows the darkness that comes over the individual who takes this step.

Oh, what opportunity there is for taking the place of the dove of peace! And if they do not get lost in the darkness, they will be in the confusion, that no matter how much they may have been

misunderstood and mistaken, they first got off the track when they drifted away from the simple spirit of trust. They might have possessed knowledge, but they should have never grown beyond the spirit of Christian simplicity.

Oh, how many earnest workers have been lost in this way! Oh, how many mighty men have fallen 'neath the power of the enemy! If these men should meet the gaze of such an one, I would say, in this year of Jubilee and reconciliation, with all the love and longing desire of my heart,

Come Back; come back to the old position of simplicity. My spiritual sympathy you have today, my prayer is towards you. May you come back and may we all together prove as of old, that "the Lord preserveth the simple," because we realize the keeping power of the spirit of Christlike simplicity in our lives." A. W. C.

'TION. Harvest Festival Demonstrations throughout Canada and Newfoundland. Canadian dates: Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Newfoundland dates: Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 29th, 30th and October 1st.

And don't leave the hardware people out. Gifts of bottles, pots and pans, brooms, brooms, brooms, of any kind, should be asked for. Every one in the city ought to contribute something in the way of kind to our annual exhibition of gifts.

Now we come to live stock. I am expecting great things this year. Our efforts last year in this direction produced for the Toronto Exhibition stalls, — steers, — cows, — sheep, — ducks, — hens and roosters, — pigs, and that was under far less than this year we have our Social Farm, and we have, therefore, something specific to beg for. Our business is just beginning. I have planned arrangements on a big scale in the faith that anticipations large gifts of stock and other farm produce. I fervently believe at least fifty farmers will be found in the Dominion to present me with one little pulchro each. I think, too, we ought to have at least a hundred hens and roosters for our small chicks each.

Cows, too, are greatly in demand, and the gift of them will move us purchasing money. Dittie to home. I hope in an early issue of the Ory, before the Harvest Festival, to write a full and illustrated description of the farm, what we have, and what we anticipate.

Another series of gifts I am hoping to secure this year in the direction of the farm are in the line of food. Every pound of food presented represents an equivalent amount of profit for our marketing. Take, for instance, the Chicken Ranch. How little difficulty we shall have in making that a tremendous success if we can secure from corps, friends, and farmers a sufficient supply of grain to feed them. The stock we raise would then be much more with very little outlay.

Observe also. Food, as a rule, is not a thing begged for in our Harvest Festivals, as there is no particular outlet. No one has asked for oats, wheat, or barley hitherto, because there has been very little purpose in so doing. The farm supplies that purpose. What I have thought is this: Can we not ask fifty corps on a start this year to contribute one sack of feed of various kinds? A drive need amount to the farmers would surely produce such a result. In the end there could be a bag of peas, a bag of oats, a bag of wheat, a bag of barley, or, if preferable, the sack might be full of any one of these articles.

When the sack is complete it could be put up for sale, and some friendly visitors could be got to buy it for the Farm. Then it could be shipped to Toronto, and passed on to Headquarters. Think what fifty sacks of feed would represent to us this year at our Farm!

Arrangements are drawing more complete for the General's visit. Major Morris is busily engaged fixing the Newfoundland program. A despatch is hourly expected at Toronto, giving full particulars. The General will probably arrive at Halifax on Friday, September 21st, and the following morning will be on his way to the north. He will be greeted by a naval reception in the harbor at Halifax and conduct a grand meeting the same evening in the largest hall that can be secured. He will spend the Saturday and Sunday in Halifax. We then hope for him to pass through to Truro, New Glasgow, Charlottetown, Moncton, Amherst and St. John, where he will spend Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, September 28th and 29th, and October 1st.

Following this he will visit Fredericton, do a short demonstration as he passes through New Brunswick, visit Quebec, and pass in Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of October in Montreal. Then he will visit Ottawa, Cornwall and Moncton.

At Moncton a most interesting feature of the tour will be the visit to the St. Lawrence. The new steam yacht, the *William Booth*, as will be seen by her appearance, will have reached this port, and everything on board will be made ready for the reception of the General. The fore part of the ship and the state-rooms will be specially fitted for the General's convenience and the Naval Brigade, together with other special forces, will have the privilege of forming the General's Guard of Honor from this point, until he passes through to the States. After embarking at Moncton the General will steam up the St. Lawrence, calling for short demonstrations at Prescott, Brockville,

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Geonquoque, and Kingston, where he will spend Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 13th, 14th, and 15th of October, after which we hope to arrange naval receptions and other meetings at St. John's, Pictou, Nova Scotia, Bellefleur, Port Hope, and Cobourg, where he will leave the boat and proceed by rail to Peterborough, after which he will go straight to New York City.

The advantages of the cruise up the St. Lawrence and along the lake are obvious. We can make our time and suit locomotion to our convenience. The privacy of the arrangement will enable the General to do a heap of work which would be very difficult on board trains. It will enable him to rest in between times, and thus permit of his doing far more in public than otherwise would be possible. Best of all, it enables us to give many of these smaller places an opportunity of seeing the General and hearing his voice, if only for half an hour. The reception of our little cruises, with the General on board, will also add great interest to the occasion. Our Veterans' Leader could not be included in a more fitting manner. Enormous crowds will doubtless turn out on the wharves in each place. Addresses of welcome will be given to the General from all classes of the community and the interest will be very keen.

This program is only, of course, provisional. It is too early to speak definitely of what may transpire. Unforeseen circumstances may necessitate alterations here and there, those places may be dropped out, and others added, but the whole Army may reckon upon it that no efforts will be spared to bring the General to the very utmost into touch with as large a number of people as the time and his strength will permit.

Uncertain Yet.

It will be observed, too, that this is only about half, and certainly the least important half of the General's visit to Canada. From as he passes down to New York and traverses the whole Continent of the United States, coming again on to our territory most likely in the end of December or the middle of January at Vancouver, from which point he will work his way eastward to Winnipeg, and through the States again, entering Ontario at Windsor. After making the tour of West Ontario, he will conclude his visit to Canada by a significant series of meetings in Toronto, attended by as many of the officers of the Dominion as possible, probably about the first or second week in February, 1895.

It will be observed, therefore, the General will be on the Continent of America almost six months.

From accounts received, some of which are printed in the present issue of the War Ory, the International Congress at the O. P. seems to have been the biggest thing yet footed. None but those who have attended them can understand the magnitude of these great fields of men and few but those who have organized them can grasp the magnitude of their import. Truly, we have an Army which, for discipline, obedience, and order, can scarcely be equalled by the armed men of Europe. The essentially new feature of the O. P. day seems to have been the presentation of the "salute of the nations." Every International leader was required to send a message to the General, which was simultaneously presented to him by a representative, and carried on a large screen before the gaze of assembled thousands. I found myself in a bad fix when the demand for the message reached me. I was occupied with a thousand things, but managed to scribble out the following pathetic offering one night late on the eve of my departure from the O. P. I see it was too long to get on the screen, so they dropped out the middle, for fear I should be thought partial to the extinction of my command. However, I will print it all here:

"From the fishermen's hut in the lonely north, From Newfoundland's shores, where the waves break in wrath, From far Nova Scotia, where you are revered, And lovely New Brunswick, to which you're endeared, From the heights of Quebec, where your soldiers hold on, From Ontario's fields, where, though pressed, we have won, From wide Manitoba, the land of the free, And across Alberta, a salute to you, From the snow-crowned peaks, where the Rockies uptower, From Columbia's river, and vale, and tower, All Canada's voice, with her daughters unite In praying our God for your fifty years' fight; We pray that you long may live over us reign, And come very quickly to see us again."

Come Along, Too.

BY MRS. PAUL, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

TURN—Shout aloud, salvation boys. (B. J. No 2.)

Come along, ye sinners, who have heard the joyful sound, Of a Saviour Christ, in Whom true pleasures do abound, Come and kneel at Jesus' cross, where many souls have found A Saviour Who'll lead you to glory.

CHORUS. March on, march on, we bring the jubilee, etc. Many, many years He's knocked and striven with thy heart, Called thee to give up thy sin, from evil to depart, And He's promised that to you His Spirit He'll impart.

If you will now start for glory, If you know the joy and peace there is in serving God, From this moment you would sacrifice all worldly fraud, And before your soul is laid to rest beneath the sod You'd rise and start at once start for glory.

When you've been to Jesus, and the Lord has pardoned you, And you're bravely fighting 'neath the yellow, red and blue, Don't forget to pray in earnest for some happy day, too, Who shall be crowned to glory.

THE SIMPLE.

"The Lord preserveth the simple."—DAVID.

"What a funny statement to make," says someone: "how mistaken David must have been, for that at least is not applicable to the present age, when we find intelligent and wisdom taking the lead on every side."

Even in the Salvation Army we find that are great benefits derived from others.

Then what can David have meant? He meant, "The Lord preserveth the simple." And he was a man who had passed through varied experiences in his journey from the shepherds to the throne. His path, if not one of

"Scientific Evolution," was at least one of "Divine education." He certainly must have known a great deal more when he reached to the position of ruler over all Israel and Jude, than he did in his more humble position of shepherd for his father, yet he makes the above statement.

And his it not been verified in the lives of the leaders of God's hosts all down through the ages? Even in the present century men have arisen, called by God from their lives of wilderness and Godlessness, who have become men of God, proven in the destruction of the devil's works of the devil. Yet in spite you would

find them children, living at the feet of Jesus, just obeying His voice and walking in His footsteps. You, and they have been preserved and kept amidst the greatest conflicts. The enemy making they cannot be overcome by fighting against them, says, "I will."

Rob Them of Their Simplicity." then destroying their peace and power. If they are Salvation Army officers, it may be that they get a good copy, and become popular. Secret prayer is neglected, the voice of Satanic is listened to, they lose that good, old simple spirit that came with their first anointing.

## C. P. CONTINGENT'S Doings and Seeings.

(Despatch from our Own Correspondent.)

Londonderry reached, we steamed across the Irish Sea, blessed with a calm and lovely passage, and reached the port of entry to the British Isles just eleven days and four hours after leaving Montreal. We headed straight for London, and had the pleasure (after partaking of light refreshment and a blessing from our late dear leader, Colonel Ross) of filing into the historic Congress Hall during the

The last few Moments of our Beloved General's Address

to 4,000 field officers. How the night of that large hall, meted comfortably with officers only, sent a thrill of gratitude through our very beings, as seeing so many wholly devoted to the salvation of souls!

But what a scene of sorrow on first sight of the veteran leaders whose looks and appearance had aged so since we left for the shores of Canada.

Time flies, and slimmer, you wish us will join in the inevitable procession to the grave, and after death the judgment.

Next morning we filed into the most capacious and most richly decorated and finely proportioned and uniquely arranged hall in Europe,

### The Queen's Hall,

Lugden Place, London. Two Days with God, the announcement, and Fall Salvation, the topic. The large hall, seating 4,000, comfortably filled during each morning, and packed afternoon and night, with overflow meeting at night at Exeter Hall. The same repeated the next day. Results, fifty-seven forward in the first morning, twenty-one in the afternoon, 130 at night; next morning, thirty-seven, and 115 at night.

We, as Canada's representatives, will content ourselves with a few observations and sightings.

I. That we (although missing the C. P.) felt amply repaid for all money and time spent after attending the Queen's Hall meetings.

II. These meetings were the most glorious (and so near heavenly in experience) meetings we have attended in our life.

III. That it was simply marvellous the way in which people walked out to the pentest form, and that when a century of souls was announced a mighty shout of victory went forth. That fathers were scattered all over the hall, and everything systematically worked, so that from the top gallery, the balcony, the area, and even from the platform, where several had secreted themselves, they came trooping down to the pentest form, generally accompanied by a father.

IV. That with that old Canadian, Commissioner Combs, leading the prayer meeting, others who have fought in days gone by in the hand of the Maple Leaf, together with the present Canadian C.P. representatives, formed a ring and held it down while penitents came to the front. We got the glory in our legs, and danced like David before the Lord.

V. That a march by of the nations (forty nationalities represented by actual delegates) took place on the second afternoon, and Canada's party literally danced and whirled down the aisles and round the hall.

VI. That a mighty baptism of love seems to have come upon everybody since we last were in England.

VII. That the unity and love manifested, even though a babel of tongues existed amongst the nations, was a wonderful proof of the mighty power of God, and the success of the Salvation Army throughout the earth. Mixed promiscuously in various national dresses and colors, were Finlanders, French, Canadians, Americans, Dutch, Norwegians, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, Maoris, South Africans, Hottentots, Zulus, Kafirs, Swedes, Jamaicans, Germans, Italians, Belgians, Danes, Argentinians, Armenians, Japanese, Spaniards, colored brethren from the States, Corsicans, and others; and yet while we could not all understand one another, a beautiful spirit of love and kindness to one another seemed to possess the whole.

VIII. That all were inspired and determined to go forward still King Jesus shall reign supreme amongst the nations.

IX. That Canada was represented, and we had the privilege of introducing to the varied nationalities in the Queen's Hall, the Commandant's latest tune to the words of:

"Oh, Land of God I love!"

X. That the General publicly announced his intention of visiting Canada within a few months.

The next day we trooped away to Leton I. for the week-end, accompanied by Major Bough, whom Canadians know and love so well. Arrived at our destination, we filed into a church, and, presided by hand, we were round town. Our winter costumes caused the crowd to gather. Stepping out on the main street, we had a good picnic in at the devil. Away to the barracks, good meeting inside, and then home to sleep. Bright and early at knee-dill we commenced the day's warfare, and finished up at night with souls at the Cross, a packed barracks, about 1,400 people, and \$40 collection for the day.

Leton, a centre for the river hat industry, has 30,000 population, two Salvation Army corps, with full brass band each, on Army barracks, and over 300 soldiers at the two corps.

Next day we journeyed back to London, had tea with the General and his Staff officers, and despatch this report from the midst of some wonderful soul-inspiring and Salvation Army inspiring meetings. Hoping to return to our land with soul and body refreshed, ready to tackle the devil afresh. For God and souls.

PEGGAWATER.

## 140 Miles Around Peterboro District.

Thursday found us on our way for MANITOW, which is twenty-eight miles from Peterboro, a beautiful district through some of the best farming country I have ever seen. We broke our journey at Millbrook and looked after our temporal needs. I might say Manitow is an outpost to Millbrook. After tea we were reinforced by the Captains and a comrade and started on our journey, which was reached just before meeting-time. We had a nice little meeting in a log hut, which is sometimes filled to overflowing. God was with us and good was done.

Friday night was spent at MILLBROOK, where Adjutant Macdonald gave a most eloquent lecture on the Social Branch of our work. What with the various abolition, rescue homes, social farm, co-operative store, figuratively speaking, the Adjutant got there with both feet. At this meeting Emma Macdonald gave a most descriptive exposition of the Federal Star. Quite a few Grace-before-Meat Dances were given away, soldiers cheered and blessed, and good was all round.

Saturday we started for PETERBORO where we had a most blessed week-end. Meetings and marches grand, especially the Sunday night meeting, when also souls sought and found salvation. We had a glorious finish which ended with a dance and march round the hall and other things which we shall not mention. Peterboro is a grand place for the S. A. People know how to appreciate a good thing. They have a live corps, and a smiling band who know how to play as well as play.

Sunday afternoon we started for NEWWOOD. We stopped at Brother and Sister Bathgate's over night, who were the very essence of kindness. What with fresh milk, dillie eggs, green peas, new potatoes, fruit, etc., to use the English's quotation, we went away "feeling good and stout."

We arrived in NEWWOOD in time for meeting, where we had a nice little time. Newwood is a hard nut to crack. Captain Gossman and Lieutenant Green are doing their best to crack it.

Wednesday and Thursday nights were spent at WALKERBURY, where Captain Beckett has worked him a Trojan. She was rejoicing in the fact that the corps was clear of the debt, which had been resting upon it for some time. We had a small meeting Wednesday night, but a better one Thursday, that being 15th of July the Orange Societies from surrounding towns and villages met for their walk, which brought a crowd of people to town. Soldiers and officers from neighboring corps came in and a good time was had. We started our open-air at 8.30 and ended up at 8.30. We took up a collection and got \$5, which was very good. We had a nice little meeting inside.

Friday we were on our way for CAMBRIDGE where Captain and Mrs. Walker are doing a good work. The barracks have been greatly improved of late. Things look clean and cheerful. We had a good meeting, but no souls.

Saturday we started for home. Arrived just in time to catch the train for Toronto. Thus ended a very pleasant trip.

VERROX, for Emma Macdonald.

African was only \$100 short of \$2,000 for Self-Denial.

## A SCRIBE'S OUTING.

As I write I am sitting on the train, en route to Harbor Grace to take a short rest. As I look out of the car window I find myself wishing that some of my Canadian friends and readers of the WAR CRY, who perhaps look upon Newfoundland as some do, as the land of fish, rocks and fog, could just have a glimpse of the lovely bit of scenery to be seen as we pass along.

On the one side the tall granite cliffs, and on the other the beautiful blue waters of Conception Bay stretching away from the pebbly beach and sparkling and dancing in the bright sunlight.

Over on the other side in the distance can be seen different points, bold and rocky, jutting out into the waters of the bay, clearly outlined, while right in the centre is

### A Massive Iceberg.

one of those wanderers from the far north which visit Newfoundland in the early spring, oftentimes lingering around the shores until far into the summer.

There it reposes in lonely grandeur, its base in the blue waters and its summit apparently resting against the blue of the sky, the sunlight glancing on its glittering whiteness, varied with bands of blue aquamarine, looking strangely out of place amongst with some green fields near the shore.

So much for the outlook. By my side sits Cadet Brown, from Bonaville, on her way to the Training Garrison, which is now full to overflowing. Mother Jessie Knight, my old comrade, being much in the predicament of "Old Mother Hubbard," of nursery rhyme fame, having now ten cadets in the Home, and still they come.

Looking at Cadet, memory carries me back to the morning between five and six years ago when in the position, I boarded the train in the old home depot with

### That Strange Lump

in my throat and sore feeling about the heart that all new cadets know something about, finding the cross not only in bearing one's own share, but in laying it on others whom we feel would have shieded from it could we have done so and retained the smile and favor of God.

The dear Lord had said, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of me."

Some of the cry had rung in our ears as it did in His, "Come down from the cross and save thyself and us," yet when we remembered that He who hung there for us endured to the end and that He might save us, it helped us to close our eyes to all other voices and listen only to the voice which we heard so clearly behind us, saying,

### "This is the Way,

walk ye in it," though it seemed strange the way in which God was leading us, yet we felt it was—

"Once not to make reply,  
Once not to reason why,  
Once but to do or die."

Rousing ourselves from those thoughts, we noticed an old lady coming into the car. After a few minutes, getting into conversation with her, we found that she was a new convert from one of our new openings, Dildo, where scores have been converted during the past winter and spring.

God also gave us the opportunity of speaking to an elderly gentleman, who at last had come to a beautiful place. We found Captain Knight and Captain Clarke as usual in good spirits, we believe fully enjoying the light.

Leaving the cadet at the garrison we made our way to Brother Whitman's, where there is always a welcome for S.A. officers. Those who have partaken of their hospitality in the past will be glad to hear that they are still in the fight, and love the Army as well as ever.

Though on furlough, we had the privilege of meeting with our

### Old Comrades and Friends

in the Friday night holiness meeting, when the Lord came very near, and also in the Sunday's meetings.

We were very glad to see some new faces on the platform, faces which we had not seen in the audience. Also to notice some of the old soldiers were getting into more uniform. A good sign, we thought, of the work being done in the corps.

On Monday we visited some of our old friends who were unable to get to the meetings. God bless them! And the next morning we were on our way to St. John's, feeling that the rest, though short, had benefited us in body and soul.

We are finishing this report in

### Our Accustomed Corner

in the Provincial Headquarters, where, though the most of our time is spent behind the scenes, we still find that our whole heart and soul is in this glorious war, and we are glad and happy to have the privilege of fighting with any weapon, though it is but a pen.

V. J.

## TO THE FALLS AND BACK.

One, if not all, is sorely tempted, at any rate, make some effort to get, if only for a few hours, away from city life and noise, to the quieter, calmer life of the village, or seek a change somewhere via opportunity presents itself.

Salvationists after all are only human, and no stranger to the temptation of this kind. One thing we have, however, learned is to do an occasion nerve. When surrounded by Christians, edified places, as I believe the following so beautifully bears out.

Two boats ran; the first took the majority of officers and pick of our crowd; the second, the remainder.

In boat number two, the profound love of God and His service predominated. A meeting was at once commenced, in which Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Salvationists joined. Captain Seng led off with a good solid testimony, His McDonald followed, the Rev. Mr. Salmon next, who at the close proposed that a collection should be taken up for the benefit of the Salvation Army, and heartily did respond, \$4 being the result.

We called at Niagara, where we parted with our friends, wishing them a god, beautiful time, and which they just as heartily reciprocated.

The scenery and wonderful work of God in nature to be seen on Niagara River—let me say, Mr. Editor—greatly enhanced our delight and happiness with its result, that upon arrival at the Falls, at Wesley Park, where the tent was pitched (after a charming ride on the electric car), we were ready for anything, especially, by the way, a famous drink, Bule being one of the most holiness meeting in the west was a great time, led by the Brigade, and just as helpful to all concerned. Testimonies were to the point in question, difficulties—imaginary or otherwise—were mounted, and more determined onslaught on the forces of sin and hell descended upon.

Our boats left early, and we parted with Belgradier and company, paying the results of night meeting would edify all in greatness and quality.

We, however, made up for this loss by having a meeting on board, going home. The testimonies to the saving and happy power of God were short. An invitation to sinners was given; \$100 collected, and \$3 collection.

God bless the Niagara people, or denominational friends and English Teams, who led so shy on board.

New Westminster, B.C.—Our allies are still fighting to conquer sin. Withdrawing and other officers are united to do faithfully with the unweary and being the to a perfecting God. Blessed be the name of the Lord Who gives us the victory. We have been much blessed and comforted in the light since Adjutant and Mrs. Kniffel have come to help us; the rough place has become smooth, and the crooked place made straight.—L. P. SANCER.

Dartmouth, N. S.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing ten souls at the Cross, two for pardon, eight for a good of a clean heart. Our open-air are good and also the inside meetings, also were good. We have arranged to have a surprise next Sunday. A team has been sent that will take us to God Harbor, where we are believing for sweeping victory. Our Chrs will be sold, a good collection, and Chrs will be saved, converted, sanctified, Christians blessed. Mrs. Poley, who is some special help, will lead on the music forces at home.—Captain and Mrs. Poley.

## North-West

Being a Stirring  
Victories in  
Wec

OF



Elated and overjoyed July 10th. The night form crying for deliverance eagerly listened to had "receded this" the trials. A Shen's "We'll hold the all would go along swim."

Before entering they prayed that God would glided towards Moosomin. Two reporters was by myself and the other very conspicuous.

At Portage Captain the depot to check us on. At Carberry Sergeant did business about the he is getting there.

What a hubbub as Captain Green, Lieutenant in the words, "There's to be a good place. The mother. Here are the

## LOTS



Oh, Moosomin, how often was borne. This hour

TUESDAY, JULY 11  
very interesting. Evid



They forget that with crowded one for number



# North-West and B.C. Travels and Triumphs.

Being a Stirring Account of the Travels, Incidents, Battles, and Victories in Connection with Major and Mrs. Read's Seven Weeks' Tour from Winnipeg to the Coast.

BY MAJOR READ.  
CHAPTER I.

Fifteen



Filed and overjoyed we left the Winnipeg C. P. R. depot at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, July 10th. The night previous fifteen comrades had knelt at the Winnipeg penitential service for deliverance. It was a beautiful counsel, and a big crowd of soldiers and recruits eagerly listened as we tried to urge them on to "fight." A nice little officers' tea had preceded this counsel, so that it is no wonder we felt good that morning as we touched the train. A group of Salvationists waved their parting salutes, and Captain Shea's "We'll hold the fort while you are gone" created within us a deeper feeling that all would go along swimmingly well during our absence.

Before entering the car we had a little meeting on the platform. Ensign Rawling prayed that God would give us glorious victories in the great North-West, and off we glided towards Moosemin.

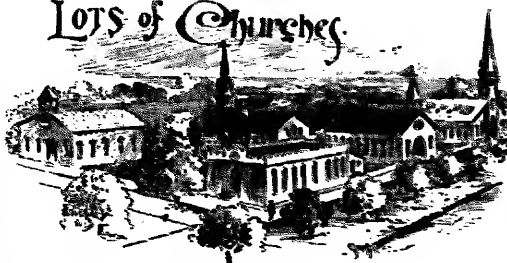
Two reporters wanted to know some particulars of our journey. One was tackled by myself and the other by Captain Shea, whose yellow coat and big S. A. tharoon were very conspicuous.

At Fortage Captain Elliott boarded the train, and Sister Bellard and others were at the depot to cheer us on.

At Carberry Sergeant-Major Davidson gripped our hands, while Captain Bob Smith did business about the R. D. cow and the C. G. horse. In spite of all Bob's uphill work, he is getting there.

What a hubbub and noise we heard when reaching Moosemin depot! There was Captain Green, Lieutenant Scott, and their plucky few soldiers giving us such a welcome in the words, "There's a welcome house," and they did sing! Really, Moosemin ought to be a good place. There are five pieces of worship standing within a few yards of one another. Here are their positions:

Lots of Churches.



Oh, Moosemin, how often would Jesus have gathered thee! Poor Captain Green's throat was hoarse. This hoarseness tells its tale.

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH. A soldiers' council previous to the open-air. Said open-air very interesting. Evidently Moosemin residents do not understand the Salvation Army.



LITTLE GIRL Singers.

They forget that with us comes the power of God. The 8 p.m. meeting was not a crowded one for numbers, but a special feature of the same was the sweet singing of a

number of little girls who left the audience and stood across the platform. They sang, "Tell them all to meet me there."

with vigor, and the audience felt amused and interested. Three happy couples were introduced: Mrs. and Mrs. Read, Brother and Sister Paul, and Brother and Sister Howes. The dear fellow who cried for mercy at the close pulled out a big plug of dirty chewing tobacco and promised God he would do better.

WEDNESDAY, the twelfth day of July. Our pattern saint is Jesus! All kinds of accusations occupied our time during the greater part of this day. When editing the Cry in Toronto some six years ago, a young man named Walker used to stand round the open-air meetings which the Salvation Army then conducted in the Queen's Park. To-day we had supper with this very young man. He now acts as partner in a foundry business just started in Moosemin. Carleton, Heston, and godless seemed the crowd of men to whom we talked near the Queen's Hotel to-night. In the indoor meeting Mrs. Read spoke about the social work, and your humble servant took his stand by the dear old Army and did some straight shooting at those who snubbed us.

While at this place we met a young fellow whose father is a minister. Drink has conquered the poor boy many a time. Then a young lad, a veritable wild one, not long out from London, England, spoke to us. He, too, has sunk deep in sin. Oh, this Western country seems to be the haunt for such sin-choked beings! Away from parental restraint, down they go in the vortex of profligation and vice.

Captain Nancy Green has a tough job, but she possesses a very lively, energetic, devoted spirit, and assisted by Lieutenant Scott we verily believe they will yet see Moosemin's wilderness blossom and bloom as a rose. Sergeant-Major Joseph Lowe seems a loyal, true Salvationist. Our visit to Moosemin will live in our memories.

Just before leaving this place, Brother Willey walked into the quarters with a bag on his shoulder containing a very good set of harness, which he kindly donated to the Salvation Army for circle corps operations. This dear brother and his wife and children are salvationists. They are travelling in a covered wagon from Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, to Woodville, Manitoba, living, sleeping, eating, etc., in their wagon. God bless Brother and Sister Willey!

Our next appointment is Prince Albert.

(More next week.)

## Chatham, N. B., District.

A picnic at Millerton on the 2nd of July was the order of the day. Chatham and Newmarket united, and going by boat we had a pleasant time.

We had good weather in spite of prophecy to the contrary, and a bright, happy, busy day.

Lots of provision for the body and plenty, too, for the soul. Everybody was anxious to get the former, not so many the latter.

Meeting at night a time of specially definite dealing with sinners. Good seed was sown faithfully. We all, that is, Ensigns, Captains Allan and Frisell, Lieutenant Welch, and yours faithfully worked to the best of our ability, and were willingly and ably assisted by the comrades of both corps.

A little frolic took place on the grounds in the afternoon. A few unmoved lads had hymns, and a small fight ensued, grieving us for the time considerably, but the following Sunday night Lieutenant Welch was the happy officer who saw the foremost fighter grasping his weapons at Jesus' feet. He has since taken his place as a convert should. Praise God!

Financially we did well. After expenses were paid each corps received half of the proceeds.

We enjoyed a good holiness meeting at Newmarket a few nights after while on our way to Campbellton. Some others didn't enjoy it, but we trust they will be benefited by it.

Campbellton was the next scene of action for Captain Allan and myself. Ensign had been announced, but couldn't get there Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

A blessed, happy, useful week-end was spent. Captain Larder has taken hold, and Lieutenant Brewster, that little WAR Cry bomber (they ought to order ten or fifteen more at once, Mr. Editor), is helping her. [We believe they will soon.—Ed.]

The kindness shown to us while there was more than I can express. Mrs. Dunson, our kind hostess, will keep a warm place in our memories, while Lieutenant Dunson, Ed Smith, and others were more than good. I don't blame officers for liking to rest there. If I wanted to rest I might sigh for Campbellton, too.

Our Saturday meeting saw a little red-headed boy at the penitential form. If he has as much sincerity as volubility, he'll make a soldier yet. God bless the little lad.

Sunday's meetings were all good, and God's presence was manifest in every one.

A strapping commercial man, under the influence of liquor, disturbed our night prayer meeting somewhat. He was full of admiration and love for a "little sister" of his whom his mother had turned out for not going with her to church. He told how his little sister had prayed for him and pleaded with him. "I wish I could believe as she does, but I can't," said he. I believe he will be saved yet. Sisters, your prayers and faithfulness stand between your unmoved ones and God's wrath. Pray on.

A great event was announced for Monday. Indeed it was a combination of events, as a big banquet, followed by the first

hallelujah wedding in Campbellton, and another banquet after that were all to take place.

The tables looked very pretty with their snowy linen, shining silver, flowers and cushions, and evidently the food was toothsome, as I heard of one young man who ate three suppers. It was most orderly in every way; I mean the banquet was.

The wedding was held in another hall larger than ours, and was speedily filled to the doors. The service began in Army style, and during the first song the bridal party took their seats. The late Methodist minister there, in fact just leaving that night, was with us and tied the knot.

Brother Havelock Thompson and his little bride kept as cool as if they were used to weddings. God bless them. We hope they will be as happy as some of us have found it possible to be in such circumstances. They were supported by two of the comrades, and wore regulation uniform, only wanting the greenery. I heard they had been influenced in this by seeing others do likewise on a similar occasion. I don't think they'll do it again.

REV. MR. MATTHEW is what one would take to be a nice man. Young and pleasant looking, his face beaming with salvation light, he looked quite at home amongst us, and as soon as the Army Articles were read and the young folk willing to abide by said conditions "stood forth," he took hold and married them securely, after which he spoke for a few minutes to the assembled crowd.

He told us he believed in the Army and sympathized heartily with its work. He felt that we had taught the churches of the land several valuable lessons and would probably teach them a few more. He also told a mighty truth when he emphatically declared that the Salvation Army had taught amongst other things the value of Christian work, and said if converts didn't begin to work as soon as saved and equipped as Christ's soldiers, they would undoubtedly backslide. "They are backsliders," said he, "whether they think so or not." They backslide and go back into the world. He urged upon the people the necessity of salvation.

A few testimonies were given. Captain Allan had a few words, and we went into a short prayer meeting, pleading for souls. None would yield, and we soon adjourned to the barracks for supper, and soon after retired to rest. Nobody objected to the Army form of marriage, even when we tried to make things appear as serious as they are. I believe Campbellton people love the Army and pray for the officers' success in winning souls.

A good case of conversion took place there in Captain Ronch's final farewell meeting. This brother promises to make a soldier, and is on the march and platform giving testimony to God's goodness.

Things have been stiff and hard in Chatham in some ways lately, but the corps is not "looking up" as per the old preacher (i.e., lying on its back). One precious soul was saved last week.

ENIGMA MR. BRADLEY.

We are assured, in the Canadian WAR Cry just to hand, that at Kingston, the other day, "the band played till they blew out a lamp." The bandmen of the Old Country have not attained to such participation as that!—English WAR Cry.



## ON DRESS.

From Various Sources.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

"Be not conformed to this world."  
 "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."  
 "That women adorn themselves in modest apparel."

Reading an account of Mrs. Booth's council with women-warriors and the decision arrived at re uniform, has reminded me of a subject that has been much upon my mind of late viz., dress and fashion and Christian women.

It seems strange at this late day of Gospel light and truth that so many professing Christians should be apparently so blind as to the disastrous results which follow as the consequence of conformity to the world and its fashions by those who take upon themselves the name of Jesus.

I will mention but two or three of the evils that it tends to.

**First, DISOBEDIENCE.** "Be not conformed." If "obedience is better than sacrifice" how does the Lord of heaven and earth look upon His professed followers who "conform," even if they do spend hours in visiting the sick and doing other good works, and giving their substance to the poor?

Such sacrifice of time and money must sound in the ear of omnipotence like the "bleating" of Saul's sheep and the "lowing of the cattle," when one of the first principles of the Bible—non-conformity to the world—is disregarded.

That this is a strict command can be doubted by none who study the spirit of Divine truth all the way through.

Analyze the motives that actuate this conformity, Christian sister, and what do you find? Put them in a simple, plain interrogatory form and they will read somewhat after this style:

Excuse: "I desire to look like other people."

Answer: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Excuse: "Other professors of religion wear the same fashion."

Answer: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!"

Excuse: "I love God and my affections are not set on these things."

Answer: "God would soon find how false such reasoning is if you laid aside your ornaments."

Excuse: "I do like to be admired for my taste, etc."

Answer: "Let your adornment be a meek and quiet spirit. A beautiful character."

Excuse: "One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

Answer: "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world."

If I need to the world you would have no desire for these things. "A dead bird has no use for feathers."

Excuse: "I can afford these things."

Answer: "Ye are not your own; therefore, glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's, and devote your money to your hungry, shivering, and suffering brother and sister."

Excuse: "I never had the light."

Answer: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet; and a light unto my path."

Excuse: "I do not believe it is wrong to dress as one pleases."

Answer: "We ought not to please ourselves . . . for even Christ pleased not Himself."

Excuse: "It makes no difference how you dress if your heart is right."

Answer: "You may as well say, it makes no difference how false you speak or act no long as your soul is true."

But to this excuse we refer the reader to Matthew vi. 20.

The second great evil that presents itself to me is, namely, bondage.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

What liberty has the woman, who, several times during a short twelve months, has to waste God's precious time in going from store to store, fashion plate to fashion plate to study how she must clothe the body, which her neglected Bible says should be the "temple of the Holy Ghost?"

She is a slave. She has forged a chain which is dragging her farther away from heaven and peace; and every season it is becoming strengthened, and ultimately her anchorage will be loosened from the Cross entirely.

Her bondage makes her a slave first to her friends, society, and the whims and fancies of a capricious, changing and changeable world. A world which devalues the fashion by imitating the fashions of women whom not one in a hundred of her

## GREAT CURIOSITY

"LOST ARTS" 10¢ a copy.



Our United States Editor gives one of the American P.O.'s a severe rub about his "War Cry" sales. Would the same picture apply to any Canadian comrade?—Ed.

## Jesus is Enough.

BY DORRIS MARY HALL, RIVERSIDE.

TUNE—Jesus waits to pardon you.

Let me tell to you my heart's great joy,  
 I've found a friend enough for me.  
 I searched His robes as He passed by,  
 And found in Him enough for me.  
 I'd tried and often tried in vain  
 To free my soul from Satan's reign;  
 When I gave up trying and to Jesus came,  
 I found He was enough for me.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus is enough for me,  
 He truly is enough for me;  
 Whatever my needs in this life may be,  
 He's still enough for me.

I saw Him kneeling on the cold, damp ground,  
 And sweating drops of blood for me;  
 I heard Him say, "Thy will be done,"  
 And knew He was enough for me.  
 He has gone from mortal sight away,  
 But strangely near He seems to-day;  
 I can hear His gentle voice which says to me,  
 "My grace is quite enough for thee."

Richmond Street.—The signs of the times look good here at present. Since taking charge ten adults and four little girls have knelt at the penitential form for pardon. We are all united for victory.—Captain Edward Wickham.

Fighting, fighting along the narrow way. Yes, thank God, we are still fighting, believing that as long as the forces of hell shall be driven back and victory shall come. One of our brother soldiers, over eighty years, walked sixteen miles yesterday to be present at the meetings. Is it any wonder he went home happy? We are doing our best to sell the Cry. One gentleman gave a dollar for one last week.—Capt. Parns.

Brussels.—It is a long time since you heard from us, but I am glad to tell you we are living and fighting for God. Since coming to Brussels we have had a nice time, meetings very good and interesting. We have a nice lot of soldiers, and they are taking hold of the meetings very well. There were seven of us at knee-drill on Sunday. Our open-air are getting very good. Thank God, we have had one soul since coming here.—Captain A. Rows.

Vancouver.—The Lord's host is being still led on by the fighting Lieutenant, although not very strong in body apparently, but strong in the strength that God supplies through His eternal Son. Friday's holiness meeting was really a hallowed time, for the Spirit of the God of Israel was there. The Lieutenant was detained, and the meeting was opened by Bro. Wm. Campbell in regular old fashioned, hallooing style, and by the time the Lieutenant came he had things at boiling heat inside and the devil raging out side at the door, going to put a head on Sergeant Gibbon's sleeping him outside. The Sergeant has still the same head that we need to recognize him by, and we all rejoiced with joy unspeakable when we saw a backslider come out and get full of glory, making three for the week. Drummer "Sunshine" is still doing his best to knock the heads out of the drum, and the General Secretary is just mulling the "Grace-before-meat" based on to all and sundry, whilst the Treasurer, in looks, form and action resembles our late beloved English Frith so much that we have concluded to call her Emma, and the corps generally is on the up grade; but keep bearing, and look out for a hallooing soldier in the next report.—E. HIGGINS, Special Correspondent.

A FRAYLESS SOUL IS A HEAVENLY SOUL.

"THAT'S ARE pure in proportion to the depth from which they come and not merely from the copiousness with which they flow."

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 Consult thy way unto the Lord.



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